

Bluebeard's last wife

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Summary

But now, she saw the moment that iron control broke. It was like a dam bursting, immeasurable weight flooding past the barriers, unstoppable in its momentum, carrying everything on that first, immense wave the second... Hannibal bashed Anthony Dimmond's head.

The man who so much resembled Hannibal's beloved adversary.

Notes

Ok. I just recently started to watch Hannibal, managing to make me a total Hannigram shipping mess, and this scene between Bedelia and Hannibal made me intrigued and just sooooo much wanted to write a fic where Bedelia realized how much Will really meant to Hannibal. So, in order to deliver that I alternated canon a bit to my purpose.

Chapter 1

Hannibal was looking for trouble. He usually was. But recently it seemed as he gave up all his person suits and simply gave in to his pinning. Because despite all her deep and excessive knowledge in the psychiatry field, Bedelia couldn't find a word more accurate to describe Hannibal's behaviour and feelings over the last couple of months, than pinning.

Unbelievable as it was, still, Hannibal was pinning.

Pinning for *his* Will.

In a person like Hannibal- who wasn't even human, at least not in the traditional sense of the word- wasn't easy to find even a streak faintly resembling genuine emotion.

But then, looking was half the fun, and also the reason that made Bedelia intrigued enough in her decision to accompany Hannibal to Italy.

But now, she saw the moment that iron control broke. It was like a dam bursting, immeasurable weight flooding past the barriers, unstoppable in its momentum, carrying everything on that first, immense wave the second... Hannibal bashed Anthony Dimmond's head.

The man who so much resembled Hannibal's beloved adversary.

The one who got away before, and didn't end up on their dining table, simply because of that peculiar resemblance.

For the first time ever in their acquaintance, Hannibal's hand trembled, his face craked, just for an instant, but still enough for Bedelia to see the sheer terror beneath that stoic face as Hannibal stood frozen in place, control clearly shredded by devastated anguish.

And through wide opened eyes and hammering heartbeats, she watched that emotionless, aristocratic face harden when temper and fury--unexpected, hot and ready--settled over Hannibal features like a second skin, stripping away every layer of the life long established civilized veneer.

And when Hannibal finally lifted his head and his dangerous, savage mood showed clearly in his bottomless, dark eyes and in the cold set of those sensuous mouth that gave her so much exquisite pleasure before, Bedelia knew she'd just made a grievous mistake.

In that instant Hannibal was a beast, a feral monster- in his grief- revealed.

Bedelia's heart stopped. And when Hannibal closed the distance between them in that graceful, soundless, predatory way of his, well, since she was actually already frozen, her breathing just stopped all together. For a long second, she just stood there and stared in bewilderment and horror at the not quite man, not quite monster's face.

Every muscle of the beast's body was tensed for the kill. Craving flesh, craving blood. Even as he calmly asked.

“Observe or participate?”

“What?” Bedelia sucked in a deep, shuddering breath, as everything inside her rattled into pieces, squeezing the air out of her chest.

Folding his coat, Hannibal placed it on a chair, easy and steady. “Are you in this very moment observing or participating?” He asked, with a touch of impatience and harshness now, to his always-always smooth, even tone.

“Observing.”

“You say you're observing, but this... This is participation, Bedelia.” Hannibal declared, stepping even closer. Slowly, gracefully, eyes cold and lethal, a predator stalking his quarry. “Did you know what he would do?” He asked annoyingly calm while Bedelia’s nerves were jumping inside her veins like a scarred hummingbird, and her mind was shouting at her to run before the beast pounced. “I would prefer you answer honestly.” Hannibal demanded, eyes holding hers, allowing no escape.

Gulping hard, “I was curious.” Bedelia answered, knowing how maddeningly, inexplicably intelligent and preceptive Hannibal was, she didn’t have other choice but to tell the truth.

“You were curious what would happen.” Hannibal stated, unfortunately, correct, yet again. “You were curious what Mr Dimmond would do. What I would do.” He said, eyes cold, expression faintly intrigued, the words, ‘what I’d do to the man who so much resembled the one I want,’ not said, but hanging heavy in the air, in the miniscule, helpless tic in the monster’s lids over blank, freezing eyes. “Did you anticipate our thoughts? Counter-thoughts? Rationalisations?”

“Yes.” Bedelia muttered, her chest a tight, throbbing mess.

“Is this what you expected?” Hannibal asked with a dangerous flash in his dark, lethal eyes. Fierce enough to steal Bedelia's breath from her throat again and make her stomach muscles quiver. Then self-preservation, frustration and pride kicked in enough to gave her a burst to answer.

Swallowing hard, “Yes.” she replied.

In the next moment Hannibal stepped toward Antony and broke his neck with a loud, sickening, terrifying crack, making Bedelia gasp out loud from shock. Then stepping over the man’s still convulsing body, Hannibal walked toward her again as nonchalantly like he’s just made something as domestic as switching on the light in the room.

Stopping before her again within a reach of those strong, lethal arms. “That's participation.” Hannibal declared matter of fact. And then, surprisingly, there was a ghost of a smile as the dark, murderous look slowly gave way to something lighter and, dare she say, *almost* affectionate. “What have you gotten yourself into, Bedelia?” Hannibal asked soft, mouth

indulgently quirking up before- ever the gentlemen- he inquired. “Shall I hang up your coat?”

But Bedelia was not fooled for even half a second. She saw the sharp, deadly fangs hidden under that benelovent smile, the still present ferine hurt, rage and quiet threat burried under polite words. And in that moment Bedelia realized that despite all her education, experiment, natural intelligence and extraordinary insight into the working of human’s minds--in order for her to survive-- she’d need to gather all her cunning strategy and more-- to prevent Hannibal’s union with Will Graham.

Chapter 2

Days pass: three, four, five, six, after Hannibal disappeared with Antony's body. On day seven he comes back, brooding and serene.

With a strange tightness in her chest, Bedelia skips and drinks through most of their meals in solidarity in her room, trying to avoid Hannibal and the annoying emotions breaking havoc inside her body and mind.

On day eighth, when Hannibal plays a sad, sorrowful, longing accord, Bedelia comes forward, not being able to take it anymore.

Her head is pounding from previous days' excessive drinking, still, she takes another sip from the overpriced wine in her glass. Leaning her back against the doorframe, with thinning patience, she's waiting for Hannibal to finally acknowledge her presence. When seconds pass and he still doesn't seem to bother to come out from whatever infatuated memory he's lost at the moment, "Was it good to see him?" Bedelia asks with a surprising, mounting irritation, and a tension headache squeezing the base of her skull.

"It was nice." Hannibal answers, his eyes staring off into distance. There's a pause, then he adds, with that far away haze still coating his gaze. "Among other things."

Bedelia waits and waits and waits, but after long minutes while Hannibal—the two legs walking codex of proper etiquettes—seems still unbothered with the basest of courtesies of looking at her, Bedelia feels her irritation just reaching a new level. And just when she opens her mouth to say something to navigate Hannibal away from *that* dangerous path—

"He knew where to look for me." Hannibal announces proud and loud, his hand dropping to his lap with a helpless gesture.

Sighing, Bedelia pushes herself off the door and walks slowly towards Hannibal, placing herself directly in his sight. But Hannibal is yet to give her a glance, and Bedelia looks at him — *really* looks at him.

There's an unusual softness to Hannibal's hard, cutting features. A gentle, fond, upward curl to his mouth. A besotted look in his usually cold, emotionless eyes, so hopeful and bright, that something cold and tight starts to uncurl under Bedelia's ribs and her throat feels like shards of glass scratching it.

She's a psychiatrist, an educated woman, that's it. So no matter how much she wants to deny it... She knows what it is.

She just doesn't know how in the Hell she's come to feel this.

And she knows she must double her efforts in her try to plant and sow the seeds of doubt in Hannibal's mind about the genuineness and real means behind his unexpected and deep,

seemingly not fading infatuation with Will Graham. So, hunching even closer to Hannibal, Bedelia takes a deep breath then letting a slow smile curve her lips upwards, she points out.

“*You* knew where he’d look for you.”

Hannibal heaves out another long, besotted sigh in response to that. “He said he forgave me,” He says, in a voice so brittle, his expression so ridiculously hopeful that Bedelia’s fingers clench around her glass.

Witnessing and acknowledging that there's one, only one single person existing in this world, who has the emotional reins and means to reduce Hannibal to this, *this* miserably *human* thing— it feels like a razor cut: painful, sharp and deep.

Her grip tightens even more on her glass while she forces herself to recover, then she carefully announces. “Forgiveness is too great and difficult for one person. It requires two.” When Hannibal does not react in any way whatsoever to that, Bedelia takes another slow, calming breath before she continues, “The betrayer and the betrayed. Which one are you?”

For the first time since she entered the room, *that*, gathers a reaction.

Hannibal turns his head and gives Bedelia a long, cool, intrigued look, but when he answers, “I’m vague on those details,” his voice is still slow and shattered around the edges. And Bedelia hates-hates it, with every cell in her body.

She lifts the glass to her lips and takes another sip, trying to swallow down the lump of whatever... that constricts and burns her throat.

But it still burns.

Burns all the way down to her chest, even as she warily suggests, “Betrayal and forgiveness are best seen as something akin to falling in love.”

Because for God's sake, obviously, considering the very beast before her eyes, it's not something that should be considered possible.

“You cannot control with respect to whom you fall in love.” Hannibal counters, voice still rusty, his gaze once again absent.

And that—*that* sentence catches Bedelia square in her chest.

And right then, in that moment, studying that calm, aristocratic face, with a river of feelings running underneath, Bedelia realizes that all her hard work of the last months to alienate Hannibal from Will Graham, has been a bloody waste of time. Because despite all her effects, she’s never been, never *could've* been and never going to be more than a pale, unsatisfying substitute.

Wounded pride, envy and jealousy burning hot and deadly inside her— for that righteous, reckless, twitchy little man who without any real effort managed the impossible and tamed the beast, and in the process even accomplished to capture his heart— and she doesn’t feel

the slightest twitch of conscience or regrets as she starts to set into motion the strategy for her survival.

Controlling her expression, her voice comes out concerned and sad when she declares.

”You are going to be caught.”

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On the days following, Bedelia was packing into her effort everything she's got and more, to manipulate and persuade Hannibal in a variably passive-aggressive manner to— for once and all— get rid of Will Graham.

So, just when she felt she's succeeded and they said their goodbyes, she was more than a little surprised and nearly bristling with frustration when the door to their apartment burst open and Hannibal all but fell through it... carrying the very same man in a bridal style.

Then she risked a quick glance at Hannibal's face— pale, hard as rock, dark eyes ablaze — and a bolt of fear ran through Bedelia's spine, her fingers freezing in their motion of zipping up her suitcase.

Clutching Will to his chest, Hannibal strode through the flat without stopping or giving Bedelia a blink. But just when he reached his bedroom and opened the door, he came to a sudden halt, then slowly turning around, he gave Bedelia his full attention. A weird look passed over his face when he spotted her suitcases.

”I'm surprised you're still here. I thought surely, you must be already on your flight back to the USA.” Hannibal said easy with a slightly amused arch of his aristocratic brows. Then he turned his head and gave his whole attention to his precious cargo again. Frustration, furry, devotion, and deep-cutting worry flashed through Hannibal's expression in quick succession, as his eyes roamed over Will's face.

Honest, unmasked, raw emotions, that felt like a knife between Bedelia's ribs.

After long-long seconds of Hannibal putting all his outstandingly significant commitment into observing Will's face, he lifted his head and looked at Bedelia again with a contemplating gaze.

"But since you're still here, would it be a terrible burden for you to rearrange your travel for a day later?" He asked calm and ever so polite. "Because I'm afraid, I'm going to need your assistance... That's it, if you'd be so kind." He requested with a small smile.

But there was an underlying, dangerous edge in his voice, a cutting, deadly sharpness in his eyes, that made it not mistaking for what it really was: a command.

His hands tightened protectively around Will's slack body, pressing him closer to his chest. “Will is badly hurt and needs our help.” He announced in a no nonsense tone, already disappearing into his bedroom.

Bedelia wanted to decline really, but after a quick calculation of her situation, she realized she didn't have a choice at the moment but to obey Hannibal's '*request*'. Taking into account how inhumanly quick Hannibal was, she wouldn't even have a chance to reach the elevator before she'd find herself in Hannibal's deadly clutch.

Swallowing hard, Bedelia took a deep, steadying breath, trying to calm her galloping heart and regain her balance.

Once she felt like she's achieved just that, she headed into Hannibal's bedroom.

When she entered the room, she found Will sitting at the edge of Hannibal's bed, Hannibal hovering over him in the process to remove Will's bloodied shirt. Will gave a painful grunt when Hannibal tried to pull the shirt over his shoulders and Hannibal immediately seized his movements.

Cradling Will's head to press it to his chest, "Shhh, shhh Will, it's alright." Hannibal calmed him, one of his hands supporting the back of Will's head while the other was softly stroking away sweat-damped curls from Will's forehead.

"Hannibal." Will gasped his name, voice coming out dry and cracked, then his face contorted with another painful whimper as he tried to move his torso backward.

Hannibal immediately leaned down and placed one strong, protective arm over Will's upper back, his hand sliding under Will's uninjured shoulder. "Please Will, no sudden movements now." Then he placed his other arm under Will's knees and lifted him, just a little, to lay him down on the bed.

Again, a tiny animal sound of pain came from Will. "It hurts," he complained.

"I know. I know." Hannibal whispered to him, both of his hands cupping the side of Will's head, his thumbs gently stroking over the deep, dark circles under Will's eyes.

For all Bedelia knew about Hannibal's obsession with Will Graham, and for all she'd suspected some kind of disturbingly controversial feelings that must have been wreaking havoc inside Hannibal for the man, she's never before seen these two together. She's never before seen Hannibal's interactions and behavior with Will.

But now that she did, for long seconds, frozen, Bedelia just stood there like a complete doof.

There was tenderness: so sweet, so deep, so unexpected.

Feeling like she was hit by a train on full speed, she blinked once, twice, then asked with a little bit of amusement smashed into a lot of bewilderment. "Hannibal, what happened?"

"He tried to kill me so Chiyoh shot him." Hannibal answered simple as that, with a little, amused twitch to his lips. "He forgives how God forgives," he added — and yet, nonetheless to what he's just revealed — he was looking down at Will's face with a proud, adoring gaze. Reminding Bedelia, that *Oh, yes*, the man was badshit crazy, and a sadistic serial killer with a peculiar diet added into the bargain.

So really, it wasn't much of a surprise when out of nowhere there was a syringe in Hannibal's fingers, and before Bedelia could open her mouth to say something... anything in regard to that-

"No. No, no, no, no, no..." wide-eyed, shaking, Will started to protest, but it was too late, as Hannibal already emptied the contents of the syringe into his veins.

"Give that a moment," Hannibal said softly to Will, his fingers delicately stroking over the man's temple and cheeks until Will went numb and pliant under his hands.

Only when Will fell into total obliviousness by the drug shot into his shoulder, did Hannibal lift his torso again to remove Will's now alarmingly blood-soaked shirt. Then lowering the man back to the bed, Hannibal took off Will's shoes and arranged his body into a flat position.

His eyes never straying from Will's face, he said in a sharp, commanding cadence allowing no place for disobedience. "This is where I need your assistance. I need to take the bullet out of his shoulder."

So, still a great deal perplexed and slightly frightened, Bedelia assisted. She observed in a somehow dumbfounded state as after careful disinfection, with precise, steady, surgical motions of his hands, Hannibal efficiently took the bullet out. Then he bandaged Will's shoulder, and when his fingers lingered just a bit longer, his fingertips slid over just a touch further over Will's skin than was strictly necessary, Bedelia most certainly wasn't about to voice it out.

But she couldn't help but study the way Hannibal was handling Will through the whole process; with the utmost gentleness and care like Will was a most precious, fragile thing, prone to shatter into pieces from the slightest harsh movement of his fingers.

Something horrible and hot crawled up into Bedelia's throat. "What do you intend to do with him?" She managed to crack out through the tightness.

Hannibal's back jammed straight. His whole body stiffened, then his eyes flicked up from Will's face to lock with hers, and Bedelia felt like icy water flowed through her veins.

Hannibal's face was hard and perfectly still as granite, completely devoid of any kind of emotion. Not even a trace left to be found of the arrays of feelings which took presence there only a mere second earlier while his eyes roamed over Will Graham's face.

His cold, piercing gaze singed through Bedelia like a blade, sharp enough to murder in one vicious slice as he said. "I haven't decided yet."

Born from part despair, part jealousy, Bedelia urgently started to protest. "Hannibal, you know you must--"

"Thank you for your assistance tonight, Bedelia." Unexpected and out of character, Hannibal cut her off with a cold voice, his jaw set and grim. "But if you don't mind me saying so, you look tired, I would suggest you get some sleep before your travel."

A rabbit pulse pounding in her throat, Bedelia gulped hard. Then steadying herself, "I bid you good night then." She replied, surprising even herself at the measured tone of her voice.

"Good night, Bedelia," Hannibal said in a deceptively soft voice.

And though her stomach still clutched and twisted in fright, back straight, Bedelia held her head up high. "Thank you. I see you in the morning then." She said quietly, in a voice carefully picked free of emotions.

Though, her steps were sure, slow and confident as she was walking closer and closer to the door, as soon as it closed behind her back, she couldn't help the whole body shudder. With her back supported by the door she gulped in deep, trembling breaths because she knew she's just skidded hard and landed on very thin, cracking ice.

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